ARE LAWYERS USELESS?

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the lawyers since HENRY FORD has advertised them as "useless em-ployes," who may be done away with ahead of all other employes in these times of business readjustment.

Sounds a good deal like a report of the Federal Efficiency Commission, which invariably recommends reducing the employes in every other Government establishment ex-

But how would we do without efficiency, even if the pay-roll of that concern is five or ten times larger than it was before the war, and even if the Commission does tell Congress at repeated intervals how many employes of other bureaus may be spared, but fails to cut down its

The Efficiency Commission ought to soon be strong enough to tell the Civil Service Commission "where to There is nothing more get off." There is nothing more beautiful than efficiency when ap-plied to SOME OTHER MAN'S work. Efficiency is, of course, per-

The worst thing about lawyers is that they don't buy many Ford cars, showing poor judgment in this respect. Naturally a lawyer must maintain a station in life, and he can't put up much of a front with a Forl car. That is left to newspaper writers, corner grocerymen paper writers, corner grocerymen

We fear the lawyers will never get over this swat from the creator of the Tin Lizzie. He not only says they are useless, but affixes the adverb "especially" in front of "use-

There are few bootleggers who will agree with Mr. Ford, and bootlegging is the chief industry of the country today. Without the lawyers bootlegging would go on the rocks.

A visitor, upon viewing the spinning room of Martha Wash-ington, at Mt. Vernon, remarked, "Well, they say that George never told a lie, but, judging from the looks of this outfit, Martha must have been a yarn-maker." H. D. H.

"PIPE DREAMS."

The attractive typewriter drawing below, "Pipe Dreams," is by EMMA M. WEBER. We should have more M. WEBER. We should have more typewriter drawings, with all the expert typists in Washington, so many hunureds of them fans of Heard and Seen:



THE UNLITERARY DIGRESS. Lots of After-Dinner-Seeking

these days. Fiction-A man once failed to

Pull on a door labeled Push.

Can you remember the old days when the ladies' boot-black or shoe-clerk was envied by the rest of the male element?

Speaking of trouble, "Neither a borrower or a lender be."

Prohibition's song, "In the Sweet Dry and Dry.'

Money also makes the ego.

what they screech. Getting the boys upon the farm

Singers unfortunately practice

makes it hard to keep the boys down on the farm.

Fiction-"I really can't allow you to pay for the dinner," etc. PAUL WHITE.

WAITING "Have you been waiting long?" she crie'd, The week before she was his bride. "Oh, did I keep you waiting, dear?

In dressing I was slow, I fear.
Did you sit in Pa's easy chair,
And did you find some comfort there,
While I was primping? Oh, I fear You'll tire of waiting for me, dear!" "Now do not hurry me!" she cried. Soon after she became his bride.
"Hook up my dress! Sit down and wait! I don't care if we both are late!

For two cents I would stay at home! If you don't like to wait, well, you Know mighty well what you can do." PHIL MANSFIELD,

Now, where's my curier? Where's my

Many a newly-rich woman who has a \$1,000 bath tub is always afraid her fool husband will begin talking about the time when he and his wife used to drag a washtub into the kitchen every Saturday night! OIDONO.



noted astronomer who perfected a new high-power telescope by which he views the minutest details of life on Mars. He says the Martians do everything in reverse. They walk backwards; eat the label on a loaf of bread and throw the loaf away; wear the buttons on a suit of clothes and leave the clothes at home; wear shoes on their hands and gloves on their feet, etc.

"Man Drinks Moonshine; Goes Crazy," reads a headline. Typo-graphical error! Why wouldn't it be correct: "Man Goes Crazy; Drinks Moonshine?" K. B. G.

DAMNING "DINGBAT."

There is the customary rush of fans to defend the G. O. C. against the recent whack of "DINGBAT" that the contribs are furnishing

MAXWELL PEARSON, of Ber-MAXWELL PEARSON, of Berwyn, Md., advises us not to "let the knockers get your Office Goat," and adds that "grouches, like car tokens, we will have with us always." Pearson very properly praises the list of fine contributors and the column tree!

tors and the column itself.
HOBART M. REESE, who has made notable typewriter drawings for H and S, jumps on the "soreheads" with both feet, and sug-gests that they send constructive,

not malicious criticisms. "I spend many happy moments each day reading the all-interesting contributions," he writes, "and every unjust knock is a boomerang which merely adds to the fame of the column."

DARWIN KNEW SOMETHING.

Friend Bill:

Me and my (t)rusty old typewriter has busted loose again like a gent full of the liquid snake-brains and lightning freely flowing (at \$10 per qt.) down on four-streets-and-a-haif. I'm as gullible as a he-bedbug, I am, but no M. D. Wiselkes can agitate the vaccuum between my tym-

am, but no M. D. Wiseikes can agitate the vaccuum between my tympanums about this bull monkey gland stuff beig "recent" and as yet in the embryonic stage. Daily simianic shimmyanics of their progeny all over his face and neck of our-old bootleg-smeared, wood-alcoholseared terra-firma exemplify and amplify Darwin's theory about a lot of ancestors, for, doth not like beget—ditto? Yea verily, he do, beloved, she do!

"Washington was the father of this country, but he would not recognize his child today," profoundly stated a twin-glanded sage-wit recently.

stated a twin-glanded sage-wit recently.

Does the "father" of the eighteenth "offspring" of our "mother" constitution fail to recognize his obstreperous and ubiquitous "child?"

Wailing lamentations are rampant concerning the yagaries indulged in by it's "lawful guardians," not to mention the "few" escapades of the precoclous "youngster" itself, and—I'd tear my hair out in despair if I—wasn't bald-headed!!

C. J. MENASCO.

THEN THE FUN BEGAN Registered U. S. Patent Office.



POLLY AND HER PALS



SOUSE ME. CERTAINLY KIN I PHONE DE BUTCHER? SURE! Copyright, 1921, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc., Great Britain rights re-



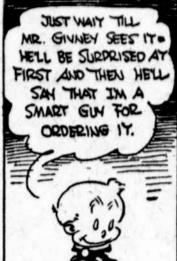
WAL YOU KIN JESS CANCEL DE ORDER, BOSS, KITTY'S KETCHED A SPARROW! UFF. STERRETT -DET - 26

JERRY ON THE JOB

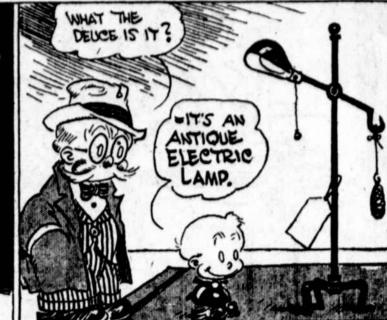
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Merely a Question of a Few Years











ABIE THE AGENT

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF AN

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Just Abie's Luck





NOW THAT YOU HAVE TAKEN







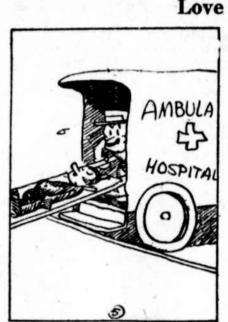
KRAZY KAT

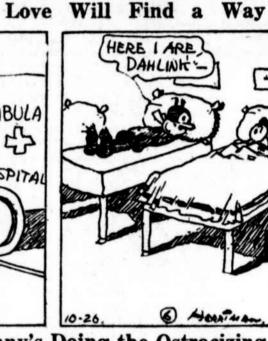
GOLLA, IT'S TEN MILES TO DIE 'HOSPITAL', AND POOR CIL'IGNATZ'
IS WIT WITH A
BROKEN TAIL
AND I AINT GOT
NO MONEY TO
GET THERE











US BOYS

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Slim Changes HOW DO THEY DO IT? Bosses MISS KARBONKOPY TAKE THIS IF HE'D RATHER SO THAT'S WHY THE LETTER " MR SLIM PICKENS, OH , BY THE WAY DRIVE THAT LOAFER DIDN'T COME 23 JAZZBO AVE., BRONX -MR BUMP-HERES DAME AROUND TO WORK THIS DEAR SIR - THIS IS TO A LETTER THAT MORNING - VERY IN HER CAR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER CAME IN THIS THAN WORK, WELL- 1'12 JUST MORNING'S GIVE HIM A CHANCE THAT'S HIS NEEDED BY US - KINDLY AFFAIR MAIL TO LOAF CALL FOR YOUR INDE FIN (LEJA) CHECK -B. BUMP